path. I was just in the light of a street

lamp at the time, and, as the woman turn-

ed her face up to mine, I noticed that she

was both young and beautiful.
"Save me, sir! save me!" she cried,

"Save you from what ?" I demanded.

clasping my legs frantically.

body in pursuit of you now."

Suddenly turning aw

not far behind me.

lemanded the hag.

hattered.

"Miss Oar'line 'quests de gentleman to walk up stairs !" said she.

darted up the street.

anything.

company."

soft voice.



# kansas Chief.

A BROTHER'S TRIBUTE.

Long before the East was gray,

That our Chief received the order

Lightly from his narrow was cone

Gayly up the Hero sprung, Cheerful as if called to banquet,

Or to join a sportive throng.

Promptly was each order given,

And before the morning light, His below'd and own battalion

As he started, I addressed him:

os but do a General's duty-

Proudly marched to find the fight.

"Brother! brother! mind, to-day

Do not seek the thickest fray.

Think your life is not your own;

Do not seek the hottest battle;

"If the day goes lightly with us,

I'll but do a General's duty-

Wister leads the column on.

"But, if everborne by numbers

If my own battalion falters, In the fury of the fray-

Should we like to lose the day-

Should I lose my valiant right arm\*-

If by rebel steel or ball, 'Mid the smoke and shock of battle,

"Then my own, the Senate's honor,

"With the cold and ellent barons

How the field was lost or won."

I will lead our freemen on; Others then shall tell the story

Vaulting on his tall bay charger,

Thes my kind and valiant brother

Rode to that unequal fight.

Oh, my brother! Oh, my brother!

Seother that I loved so well,

\*It was Colonel Baker's custom to call Lieut. Col. Wis-

"J \_\_\_, when I tell you I want you. I

"Oh, d-n those Yankee inventions.

ing man, but should not brook an insult.

He was challenged in due form, and ac-

Other peas must trace the story

Tell to me a General's doty la to dare a soldier's fate.

Western lands, and Keystone State,

"They are drilled to move like veteran

And like veterans they shall fight; Never, while I live to lead them,

Shall they turn their backs in flight

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. >

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## VOLUME V .--- NUMBER 25.8

## WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1861.

## WHOLE NUMBER, 233.

# Choice Boctry.

#### THE ADVENTURES OF THE C. S. A. COMMISSIONERS.

Ye jolly Yanker gentlemen, who live at bome at ease, How little do ye think upon the dangers of the seas! The winds and wares, the whales and sharks, you've be

And then they did put out to sea, (though he black as pitch?)

some fine day They safely got to Cuba, and landed in Havana:

ribed the power and glory of New Orleans and Se menos hard. And boasted of the vict'ries won by their valient Be

The amazing strokes of genius by which he cash amassed passed away,

Mason and Slidell on her deck, thought all their danger And poked each other's ribs and laughed, as they loan

The San Jacinto came up close, and, though rather rude,

So he gave up the traitors, and o'er the side they went.

for to say, Conjugality's at a discount down in the C. S. A.

And though we're very sorry that all your plans are undon-We meen to pass the Winter in Paris and in London. Stead of bothering you, and sharing your prison beds and

So the two vessels parted; the San Jacinto went

in his grip. The fadies talked of the office loss with a tear than a

## A NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS.

### A PRINTER'S STORY.

discussing the good things before us, en- to say such outrage." tertained each other by relating our adventures by see and land. ventures by sea and land.

"Did I ever tell you of that adventure ous-looking knife; "but we neber do any-thing by halves. We neber lets any one

down dar !"

Rodman, a gay, dashing, good-looking and really gifted young man.

"Guess not!" was the general response.

"Well, will you hear it now?"

"Certainly!" fell from a half dozen

"Speck I would," rejoined the cut-

"Well, then, I was working on throat, with a broad grin. "I'se used to dat sort of bis'ness, and don't mind it a morning paper in New Orleans, during the Winter of -, and as I was going I was now fully alive to the fact that I from the office to my boarding-house, was in a very dangerous situation, and to tell the real truth. I felt dreadfully nerabout twelve o'clock one night, I was suddenly startled by the abrupt and unexpec-ted apearance of a female, who rushed before me and threw herself down in my vous over it. What to do, I knew not. That the girl I had encountered was

probably a quadroon, and certainly a de-coy—and that I had been led to the house all, gentlemen. o be plundered, and perhaps murdered, I had every reason to believe." "Come, sar, fork ober, an' den jump

The rescal must have touched a spring somewhere, for, as he spoke, a trap-door as I raised her to her feet. "I do not see flew open in the centre of the floor.

nything."

I looked at the trap and then at the "O, sir! a brutal-looking man was negro, in doubt as to whether I had heard "O, sir! a brutal-looking man was pursuing me, threatening my life and hon-pursuing me, threatening my life and hon-"If yer jump down, sar, yer'll save me de trouble of frowin' yer down !" he ad-"My mother was taken sick, and I was

forced to go out for medicine, and that's ded, fiendishly. "You bloody rascal!" I cried, madly, "do you think I'll deprive myself of life, the way I came in the streets at so late an hour. It couldn't be helped, sir; though I never was out so late before without just to gratify you?"

"You won't do nuffin, hey ?" cried the "Where do you live?" I inquired, fairly negro, springing at me like a wild beast; fascinated by the girl's beautiful face and "den take dat!"

The villain made a slashing ent at me, "Not far from here, sir-only around but with a single bound I sprang to the in the next street," said the girl; "but I other side of the trap, and escaped the am so afraid I shall meet that man again.

O, sir, if you will only see me safely home, all rage, the accursed cut-throat again. I shall be deeply indebted to you." sprang at me, bounding across the pit "Certainly, I will," was the response; with the spring of madness. As his feet "but still, there don't appear to be any- touched the edge upon which I was standody in pursuit of you now." ing, I involuntarily put out my hand to-At that moment I heard the clatter of wards him, and shoved him back. I feet down the street, and, turning my face hardly intended to throw him down the in that direction, I saw a man approach- pit, but down he went, and in a moment

ing the spot where we were standing, at a disappeared out of sight. mency, but the brains are in the C. rapid run. The girl looked in the same I did not stop to learn the villain's fate, for I judged that I should have more such for I judged that I should have more such You have heard the ancient proverb, and, though old, it's very good.

Which hists "That it's better not to crow until you've left in a deep, fearful whisper, at the same king my escape from the den of infamy. "Stop, young lady!" I cried. "I will door. Just as I reached the door, howev-

protect you—you need not fear!" er, and was about taking hold of the knob.

That was rather a loud promise, under some one turned it on the other side. I heed me, but dashed on, and involuntarily one that might enter. The next moment the "Camp near Centerville, I followed in her steps. After running a couple of blocks she stopped, and looked into the room. Without waiting to see "Thermometer thirty-two couple of blocks she stopped, and looked into the room. Without waiting to see who it was, and taking it for granted that sunrise, extremities cold as ice, with two her side, and by that time the man was all in the house were arrayed against me, I doubled my fist, and with all my strength "You had better come in the house, sir!" instantly dealt a blow at the head, that in Dixie," for reveille. It was a little of 000 men.

because I was fond of adventure of any kind. Almost instantly the door was opened, when I followed the young girl first thing her eyes seemed to encounter camp, but this is tiresome, and we lay inside. An old, hideous looking negro woman stood in the hall just beyond the door, holding a lamp in her hand.

In the prostrate form of the negress, and ourselves out in our blankets, with ample time for meditation.

We mess with the surgeon of the

darted into the room.

Quick as lightning I placed my back "Why, what's de matter, Car'line ?" against the door. The movement at once "Shut the door, quick! I've been attracted the girl's attention to me.

"Now, my lady !" I hissed out-for I wavlaid by a ruffian !" responded the girl, excitedly. "This way, sir!" she was immensely excited—"you and I must added, addressing me, at the same time have an understanding. You led me into opening the parlor door and pointing inopening the parlor door and pointing into this infernal den by your tricks, and you begins a hasty toilet. While this is bette the room. I bowed and passed in; and have got to show me the way out of it, or, by all my hopes, yonder black pit shall by all my hopes, yonder black pit shall be your grave. Anyway, I may lose my be your grave. Anyway, I may lose my life; and I am as desperate as man can be.

I speak to my mother!" pursued the you see that old hag cannot help you just 'He's very bad off, doctor.'

What does he complain of?

"What does he complain of?"

"What has he been eating?"

"Don't know, doctor.' and I was left alone. I walked to a sofa was here, and would have taken my life.

-a light was burning in the room-and lies at the bottom of that pit." sat down. Then I took a survey of the apartment. The furniture had been good in its day, but was then much worn and am forced to do so!"

A few minutes afterward, the sataniclooking negress opened the parlor deor, and poked her hideous face into the room. this house ?" "Yes, sir, I can," was the eager reply.
"Will you do so ?" I demanded, inflex-

led a party of police to the house. Not being able to obtain admittance in the usual manner, the doors were forced. We publish in our telegraphic columns Everything in the house remained undistingtion of Price, which we publish in our telegraphic columns this morning, is a very significant alturbed, but not a soul was to be found, though a very ridiculous affair, being a high or low. The trap, however, was sort of prose travestie of Richard's celesoon discovered, and found, upon exami-brated cry just before Richmond kills nation, that there was a succession of him : pit in the cellar. The house had evidently been the haunt of robbers for a long

negro, and a heap of fleshless bones. I We begin to lean strongly to this view.

"A very good story, very well told !" said I, as Rodman concluded. "And true, gentlemen, whether you be-

lieve it or not.'

# Miscellancous.

#### THE HOLOCAUST.

Within our country's sacred fane, Low burns the altar's flickering light; Trembling we watch it slowly wane-

Then gather round that holy flame, And bring your choicest offerings here; What dearest victims can ye name, For such 8 acrises up dear?

Pour forth your blood, pile up your gold-'Tis well, but more than these we t No nation's life is bought and sold, Nor saved alone by valorous deed. Then here your cherished vices bring,

Your intury's degrading ease; The reckless pride with which we cling To wealth's most abject vanities; Your want of faith in nobler aims

Your blind soff-seeking, and the broad Ignoring of all loftier claims; Your partiranship, which beguiles Your apathy, which feebly smiles

When power is gained by knaves and fools Come, offer in your solemn rite, Each sorlid vice and low desire;

### Hard Times Among the Rebel Soldiery.

This graphic picture of life in a rebel the circumstances, but I didn't then stop sprang up against the wall, and in a way camp is given by a correspondent of the property? Millions of dollars have been to consider what I said. The girl did not that would keep me out of sight of any Charleston Mercury, who writes from lost because you have staid at home. Do Charleston Mercury, who writes from lost because you have staid at home. Do the "Camp near Centerville, Virginia," you stay at home for qualification? So Berdan, who was always an expert shot:

ber of bands playing 'Away down South she said, nervously; "for I am sure that man brought the person at full length on the "Dixie," and a good deal of drum; but is very evil designing, and may do you floor. The same moment showed me that it was a relief, after a wakeful night, is very evil designing, and may do you some harm."

As she spoke, she mounted the steps of a very ancient-looking dwelling, and violently rang the ball. I followed her, not exactly from prudential motives, but because I wanted to see more of her, and I wanted to see want coincide, and I wanted to soon, for the want of both candles and light-wood. We of both candles and light-wood. We have half a hard time of it—thirteen hours of darkness out of twenty-four, with-hours of darkness out of the day of your political salvation.

Numbers give strength; numbers in-the day of your political salvation.

Was a relief, aft

regiment, a very popular gentleman, who has visitors all hours of the day and night. About midnight we are startled with the cry of 'doctor, oh, doctor, --is dying, and wants you to come and see him.' Surgeon unrolls his woollens, and begins a hasty toilet. While this is be-

" Went down to Manassas yesterday " 'Yes, sir."

"Eat raw corn on the way back?" " Believe so, sir."

"Doctor starts out with a shawl around "That matters not to me." I added, in- him, and is away about twenty minutes, credulously; "can you conduct me out of In his absence we think! what public spirited men physicians are! Endure all the hardships of soldier's life to be over-looked by special boards, get rheumatism and conghs, and very little thanks.

#### Price's Proclamation

(The following lines embedy the particulars of a conver-sation between Colonel Baker and his brother, just as they

We are not sure, however, that the were to the soul stirring refrain of "WE At the bottom of the pit we found the MCST HAVE 50,000 MEN," and irroverentmangled and mutilated remains of the ly broken into prose by the telegraph. shuddered to think what might have been The more we think of it the stronger we my fate, and congratulated myself on my lean. The proclamation is essentially fortunate escape. I had evidently been dythrambic. It surely was in verse origmore favored than many others. That is inally. It must have been. Indeed, we fancy, so inflamed has our conception grown, that we can even identify the material of the several stanzas in the present pied and promiscuous condition of the poem. Our confident surmise is that the proclamation, as it came from Price's hand, was a poem in ten stanzas, of which the following present respectively the ma-terial parts in the telegraphic or prose verson:

> When peace and protection could no longer be enjoyed but at the price of hon-or and liberty, your Chief Magistrate called for fifty thousand men to drive the ruthless invader from a soil made fruitful by your labors and consecrated by your homes. Less than 5,000 responded out of a male population exceeding 200,000

The foe is in the field. The country bleeds and our people groan under the inflictions of a foe marked with all the characteristics of barbarian warfare, and where now are the 50,000 to avenge our wrongs and free our country ?

Had 50,000 men flocked to our standard with their shot guns in their hands, there would not now be Federal hirelings in our State to pollute our soil.

1V.
Where are those 50,000 men? No longer true to themselves, they are a time-serving, craven race, fit only for subjection to a despot. Awake, my countrymen, to a sense of what constitutes the

I call upon you in the name of your country, for 50,000 men. Do you stay w his "right arm." at home to take care of us and your property? Millions of dollars have been Berdan, Colonel of the Sharpshooters many have staid at home that I have lost Many years ago he was talking with a friend in a bar-room of an inn at a five successive battles. town on the Kentucky side of the Ohio.

Come to us, brave sons of Missouri. In the room was also one of those bowie-Rally to our standard. I must have 50,- knife bullies who infested the South and West-a man who had made himself dreaded wherever he was known, by his

I must have 50,000 men. Now is the

cessity of often fighting battles; numbers command universal respect, and insure confidence. We must have 50,000 men. balf earnest: Bring blankets and heavy shoes, and expect you to come.'

extra bed clothing, if you have them.

Bring no horses to remain with the army, was talking about his invention; and it except those necessary for baggage trans-portation. We must have 50,000 men. was so interesting that—" Do I hear your shouts? Is it that them." and the scaly fellows who come to sell

Do I hear your shouts? Is it that which echoes throughout the land? Are you not coming, 50,000 men—brave, unconquerable, Southern men? We wait your coming.

Reader, have you any doubt of the corrections of the corrections

rectness of our conjecture? Of course Berdan's right arm. There was a tunet! No one of the smallest skill in this mult at once; the men threw themselves description of comparative anatomy could have. We appeal to Price himself tosay if we are not right. Now, Price, old fellow, while your 50,000 men are coming, just own up !—Louisville Jour-

#### COLONEL E. D. BAKER. The Romance of War.

How Capt. Wilkes got Even with John Slidell.

The Brooklyn Times is responsible for

the following:
"Capt. Wilkes, the bold and responsibility-assuming commander of the San Jacinto, who caused a gun to be fired across the bows of the British steamer Trent, brought her to and relieved her of Messrs, Mason and Slidell, and their Secretaries, is now about 56 years of age. Consequently, as Jack Bunsby would say, he was once younger than he is now. Though every inch a sailor, and not often given to the melting mood, the blind god once succeeded in sending one of his shafts clear through his rough son'-weater, which found a lodgment in his honest heart. The bow from which the shaft was sped hung in the eyes of a fair girl, and straightway the jolly tar fell bead over ears in love. He prosecuted his suit with vigor. The girl was a 'lass who loved a sailor'-and so smiled upon him, and consented to become his wife. But the young sailor had a rival in the son of a respectable tailow chandler, wellto-do, called Slidell, and young Slidell feeling considerably cut up by being cut out, refused to accept the 'mitten,' but not having spunk enough to throw down the glove to his sailor rival, contented himself with 'poisoning' the mind of the 'stern parent' of the fair one, until he refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with the bold Charlie Wilkes, and insisted on her giving her hand to young Slidell, which, after many protestations and the customary amount of tears and hysterics, she did, and became Mrs. John Slidell. The bold Charlie Wilkes did not peak and pine, or let his melancholy feed on his weather-beaten cheeks, but went to sea and smothered his grief in at-

#### Triumphal Entry of the Federal Troops into Beaufort -Address of Welcome by a Prominent Citizen.

tending to duty and sustaining the honor

of his nation's flag, never seeing his 'la-

dy lass' again, not meeting his success-

ful rival for her hand and heart, until he

saw him standing a prisoner on board

his ship, a traitor to his country and a

rebel against the flag the honest tar had

spent his life in defending. Such is the

romance of war. We congratulate the

bold Charles upon having at last 'got. more than even.'"

ON BOARD THE STEAMER WARASH. ) OFF HILTON HEAD, Nov. 9, 1861. In their headlong flight the Southern gentlemen appeared to forget their boast-ed courtesy. They left but one of their number behind them to welcome us to the city. [Vanity Fair here gives a portrait of the distinguished son of the chivalry. particularly happy, suported by a Pal-metto.] The gentleman upon whose shoulders this duty had fallen, however, went through with it in a very creditable

manner, and everything passed off pleas-antly. On our arrival at the outskirts of Beaufort, the orator of the day advanced toward us, hat in hand. Being entirely alone, two members of the Seventh Connecticut regiment were deputied to support him, as a matter of etiquette. His peech did credit to his head as well as to his heart. I append a verbatim report:-"'Ow'r you, boys? Fine we'rer!-Glar t' see you. Welkel 't Beaufor'!—
Gel. Drayton gone! Wouldn't stay. Finewer'rer !—Wh-o-o-o-p! Lesh take a drink! (Great applause.) You Northerners perry good fellas. (Cheers) -Gel Drayton would't sthay. Sez I to him, sez I, Gel Drayton, you musht (hic)

hie) all right !- Beaufort's all right !-Fine wer'rer! Wh-0-0-0. [Here, overcome with emotion, the speaker sat down smidst lond and prolonge | applause. ] - Panity Fair.

Got business (hic) engashement. Gel Drayton's friend o' (hic) mine. Know Gel (hic) Drayton? Gel Drayton's good

(bic) fella. All good fellas. Beaufort's

Our Gun is Now Loaded.—A little while ago, in speaking of the apparent tardiness of our war preparations, we took occasion to tell the story of Daniel Boone and the Indian, as illustrative of the condition of the country.

The Indian surprised the old hunter asleep in the forest, and Boone awoke only asleep in the forest, and Boone awoke only and manufactured in the forest, and Boone awoke only asleep in the forest and the story of Daniel Boone awoke only as the blow was so well planted that the recovery was slower than the story of Daniel Boone awoke only as the blow was so well planted that the recovery was slower than the story of Daniel Boone awoke only as the blow was so well planted that the recovery was slower than the story of Daniel Boone awoke only as the blow was so well planted that the recovery was slower than the story of the condition of the country. which we positive the many record plants of the part of the specified and some single and the specified plants of the part of of

you to neave to; If you don't give up two rescale, I must blow you right away

The British Captain raged and swore: but then, what could

Wilkes, having got them, wished they'd feel pleasant an at home; So be offered his best cabins, if their ladies chose to come Hu: they shook their heads, and merely smiled; I am sorry

Tell you of all we've done and seen, at party, bell, or play

To unload her precious cargo, while the Captain of the

Their lords and masters took their way to Warren's Por the C. B. A.

# Select Tale.